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## RIPANS TABULES

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### THINGS HEARD AND SEEN

One of the interesting sights that occurred recently was the wrestling with international law of Assistant District Attorney Mulwoney, in charge of cases at the Police Court. It was the case of the Argentine secretary Almagro, who was charged with embezzling \$3,000 from the Argentine minister. The attorneys for the defense had raised the question of no jurisdiction, claiming that Almagro was a subject of the Argentine minister and was not subject to arrest and detention by the United States courts. Mr. Mulwoney is at home in trying a dozen or more cases of different hues and colors that daily arise in the Police Court, but when a question arose which would have taken the foreign offices of a dozen governments, with ablest diplomats and lawyers of each country engaged, something like a year to decide, that was another matter. The court finally sustained the plea and dismissed Almagro.

The Argentine case presents some phases which are puzzling. The complaint had been made by the Argentine minister and the arrest followed. Almagro did not attempt to deny the charge, but claimed protection under the statute which exempts from arrest and detention foreign ministers, their domestic servants and others necessary to their service. It was a question which the court for some time whether Mr. Almagro was a domestic in the meaning of the statute, but the judge finally held that it was clearly the intent to exempt all persons necessary to carry on the business of the legation or who were a part of the official or domestic household.

He said that it was ridiculous to think that the law would protect and exempt a minister's cook and would not exempt a subject having to make restitution. But in the case of Almagro he is a native of Madrid, Spain. He came to this country and was naturalized in 1888. If the Argentine minister desires to punish him he will have to send him home, as he would have to do in case one of the attaches should commit some offense against an American citizen. But suppose he should refuse to go? Suppose he should claim his American citizenship? These were questions that were asked by Mr. Mulwoney when he was groping about for something to get hold of, with the innate feeling he possesses that no guilty man should escape. The young attorney for the accused, Mr. McKenney, frankly acknowledged that he did not have anything to do with the case presented to the court. Mr. Mulwoney thought it had a great deal to do with the case. However, if this matter should come up in that way and our legal and diplomatic lights should have to wrestle with it, the probabilities are that the questions of Mr. Mulwoney cannot be lightly thrust aside. The case of Almagro may yet become famous, and Mr. Mulwoney be vindicated.

There was a new girl at one of the fashionable boarding houses in this city, and one lady who thought she would make friends in order to secure civil treatment spoke to her when she entered the dining room for breakfast. "Good morning, Mary," she remarked in her sweetest tone. "My name is Lucinda Juanita Johnson," said the new domestic, with haughtiness. "Oh, excuse me, I thought it was Mary," said the lady, and not wishing to leave such a breach, added: "You are a widow, I believe. You look young for a widow."

"Yes, I'm just eighteen. My husband taught me in a coal mine." This without a break to even disturb the monotony of her tone. "That was too bad," said the lady, with sympathy. "Yes, it was. And he weighed two hundred and fifty-one pounds and a half, and was tall and strong."

been in Washington for several days, having business with officials here. Daly was one of the most prominent factors in the recent capital fight in that state. He is one of the largest owners of Anaconda property, and is the millionaire manager of the famous Anaconda mine. Large stories have come out from Montana since the capital fight was settled, stories of how fabulous sums were spent in the fight of the two towns—Helena and Anaconda—to secure the permanent location of the state government. Mr. Daly does not relish these tales when he gets away from home, and he claims they are largely manufactured by men who talk about money they never saw nor know about. He does not estimate the amount spent by Helena to have been more than \$75,000, and he adds, with considerable show of indignation, "that the town is bankrupt," showing his contempt for the place. Some people estimate that Mr. Daly spent a million and a half, but he laughs at this, and declares that outside of the Davis estate, and perhaps one man, there is not a man worth a million in the state. "They did not spend much money, I tell you," he said. "They did not have it. They could not get it. There was no one to spend it. How are you going to spend any large amounts of money?" he asked. "There are only 40,000 voters in the state. You can't spend any great amount of money on them."

Senator Squire was discoursing upon the great waterways of Puget sound, while making an effort to secure some better legislation for that particular section of the country. He mentioned not only the sound, but the Columbia river, and, in fact, he mentioned everything else that could be thought of. "But the salmon out there are no good," said a fisherman of the Senate. "They will not rise to a fly."

The Washington Senator waved him aside, and said, in an eloquent and convincing manner: "Our salmon do not have to rise to a fly. The food is so abundant in the waters of Puget sound and its tributaries that the salmon get all they want to eat without searching for flies."

Gen. Dow's Old Age. Neal Dow will be ninety-one years of age this week. He is still active in temperance work. Last summer he spoke for two hours at an outdoor meeting. He also addressed a great open air meeting in Portland, Me., attended a temperance meeting at Waterville, twice visited Boston, speaking on both occasions, the last time welcoming Miss Willard on her return to this country. Five times this winter Gen. Dow left his home, in Portland, at an early hour in the morning, reached Augusta before the legislature was called to order, made on each occasion a long argument before the temperance committee and returned home in the afternoon.

One of his neighbors writes that he has been as active with his pen the last twelve months as at almost any other period of his life, and his many newspaper articles have had the old vigorous ring. He is still as hard a fighter as ever, and does not decline a challenge to defend the great measure with which his fame is so closely identified. His newspaper letters written during the year would make a good-sized book.

Gen. Dow's interest in passing events is still as keen as ever. He reads at least a dozen of the leading newspapers of the country, and many books, drawing the line at novels. He has not aged in the year, his step is quick, his eyes have the old brilliant look and he is still in the swim.

Emperor William has forbidden the officers and men of the Berlin garrison to smoke on the principal streets of the city because of irregularities in the salute offered royal personages.

### THE BOSTON LIBERATOR.

The Famous Paper That William Lloyd Garrison Edited. In the history of the anti-slavery struggle no small or unimportant place has been given to the journal which for nearly forty years, with William Lloyd Garrison at its head, waged war on the "institution." This was the Boston Liberator, a copy of which was recently sent to The Star by ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow, who took an honored part in the struggle. The Liberator like the organs of woman suffrage or temperance nowadays, was the vehicle and receptacle for every piece of news or expression of opinion on the subject of slavery. Well printed and vigorously edited, the Liberator in 1855 was a quarter of a century old, and it gives evidence of its large and earnest constituency. It speaks fearlessly and aggressively in the spirit of editorial no compromise in our literature and familiar to every schoolboy in America, which Garrison had written twenty-five years before in the first issue of the Liberator: "I am aware that many object to the severity of my language, but I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No!

Louis, loses by cholera and abolitionists four free negroes, not having their passports, are arrested, flogged and discharged. The Tone of the Paper. The Liberator in 1855 was a quarter of a century old, and it gives evidence of its large and earnest constituency. It speaks fearlessly and aggressively in the spirit of editorial no compromise in our literature and familiar to every schoolboy in America, which Garrison had written twenty-five years before in the first issue of the Liberator: "I am aware that many object to the severity of my language, but I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No!

Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him moderately to rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually rescue her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; but urge me not to be moderate in a cause like this. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."

IMMORTALITY OF JOKES. Mark Twain Thinks Humor is the Great Thing. From the North American Review. Well, humor is the great thing, the saving thing, after all. The moment it crops up, all our hardnesses yield, all our irritations and resentments fly away, and a sunny spirit takes their place. I remember exploding my American counter-mine once under that grand hero, Napoleon. He was only first consul then, and I was consul general for the United States, of course; but we were very intimate, notwithstanding the difference in rank, for I waived that. One day something offered the opening, and he said:

"Well, general, I suppose, life can never get entirely dull to an American, because whenever he can't get on any other way to put in his time he can always get away with a few years' trying to find out who his grandfather was!"

I fairly shouted, for I had never heard it sound better; and then I was back at him as quick as a flash: "Right, your excellency! But I reckon a Frenchman's got his little fling-by for a dull time, too; because when all other interests fail he can turn in and see if he can't find out who his father was!"

"Land, but it's good! It's immensely good! I've never heard it said so good in my life before! Say it again!" So I said it again, and he said his again, and I said mine again, and then he did, and then I did, and then he did, and I never had such a good time, and he said the same. In my opinion there isn't anything that is as killing as one of those dear, old ripe pensioners if you know how to snatch it out in a kind of a fresh sort of original way.

A. O. U. W. Meetings. Delegates to the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, Ancient Order United Workmen, jurisdiction of Maryland, assembled yesterday in Baltimore, and will conclude their deliberations today. About 100 members, representing sixty-two lodges in Maryland, Virginia and District of Columbia, are present, besides others from more distant states.

ABOUT ARGON, The Newly Discovered Constituent of the Atmosphere. From the Academy.

January 31, 1895, will prove a memorable day in the annals of scientific progress. The large theater of London University was filled with an expectant and distinguished audience when, at 4:30, the historic mace of the Royal Society was placed on the table and the president and secretaries took their seats behind it. Three papers on a single subject were to be referred had, indeed, been announced last summer at the meeting of the British Association, but further and more exact details were eagerly awaited. These were now furnished in the paper by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay, which was supplemented by Mr. W. Crookes's account of the spectra of the new gas, and by the story of its liquefaction and solidification as told by Prof. Ostwald of Cracow.

It was the occurrence of an apparently insignificant difference in density in nitrogen from different sources which originally drew the discovery of the new constituent in the atmosphere. For Lord Rayleigh found that nitrogen eliminated from chemical compounds was lighter than nitrogen prepared from atmospheric air by the usual methods. The difference was slight, the weights of equal volumes standing in the ratio 20.045 to 20.000, but it was in many comparative experiments it proved to be invariable. Suggested explanations of this difference had to be dismissed one after another, until it became evident that the purest nitrogen from atmospheric air was a mixture of what may be called true nitrogen with another and heavier gas. This mixture was then submitted to two distinct methods of treatment, by each of which the true nitrogen present was removed in the form of compounds, Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay found in this way that there remained an unattainable and irreducible residue, heavier than true nitrogen in the ratio 19.3 to 100. This inert gas, which was obtained so long ago as 1785 by Cavendish, who was not disinclined to admit that a very small part (not more than 1-120 of the volume) was derived from the atmosphere, was "phlogisticated air" (nitrogen) of our atmosphere might differ from the rest, and could not be reduced to nitrogen acid.

The nature of this heavy gas has next to be determined. From the methods by which it had been isolated, it was evident that it could not be, and could not contain, any of the known elements. It might be a new element, or a mixture of new elements, or possibly, but not probably, a compound of two new elements. No trace of oxygen was drawn from its chemical properties, for it has none—none, at least, save inertness has been as yet revealed. But the balance of its characters which seems to connote an element—as the term element is now understood. It would be strange, indeed, were argon to consist of two kinds of elements, endowed with equal inertness, equal solubility in water and equal resistance to the heroic methods of purification adopted by the chemists.

English walking gloves for spring are of finely dressed dogskin or Swedish kid, to wear with promenade costumes. They are produced in most of the cloth shades for matching the suit. There are greens, goldens, tans, both light and dark, browns in various shades, and deep colors of reds, olives, mahogany, dark Vandyke reds, and yellows from orange to pale corn color. These fasten smoothly over the wrist by four buttons, and are made with plique stitched seams, and embroidered on the back with stitichings of black silk or that of a darker shade than the glove itself.

He Couldn't Lie. From the Gentleman's Magazine. "Gentlemen, I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse, he said: "You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. In there any other defects?" "Yes, sir; there is. He is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.

The voters of Charles county, Md., will vote in June whether Le Flais or Chapel Point will be the county seat. The campaign has begun actively.

Stepped on the Car's Corn. A Milwaukee girl in a recently published letter states as an authentic fact that the star of Russia has corns. Then in explanation she says:

"My knowledge of this skeleton in the Imperial closet came about in this manner: One morning at the Zoo in London I stood in front of the seal tank. A great seal came up to be fed. Receiving nothing from my empty hands he was about to flop back into the water with a great splash. Mindful of my best bib and tucker I jumped hastily back, landing upon the foot of a fine-looking gentleman, who, though evidently in pain, as indicated by his facial expression and by his raised foot, yet accepted my apology with as much courtesy and grace as could be expected. His companion, who also looked somewhat discomfited, was immediately recognized by me as the Prince of Wales, and then I learned that I had jumped upon the august corn of the autocrat of all the Russias."

THE FIRST POSTAL CAR. Railway Post Office System's Growth From Single Car in 1863. From the Boston Globe.

Charles Harper, whose face is familiar in this city, was in charge of the first railway postal car run between Boston and New York. Back in 1861, in the month of August, he was appointed route agent between New Haven and New York. At that time an ordinary baggage car was divided into three compartments, the center one being devoted to letters, papers and packages which bore the requisite number of government stamps. Postal clerks were unknown. The agent had entire charge of the mails, and did a little sorting en route. Two years later the first postal car was started on the New York and New Haven road. It was a country over the Erie road from New York to Dunkirk. Mr. Harper was its presiding genius. But one man was with him, whereas nowadays from six to ten clerks can be found in a single post office on wheels. The innovation came near proving a failure. At one time it was thought best to take off the postal car because mail could be taken only at stations where stops were made, and the smaller towns secured no better service than before. But the introduction of "catches," by which the bags could be caught up all along the line, even when the train was going at full speed, turned public opinion in their favor, and they were not discontinued.

Mr. Harper spent four years on the Erie road. Then postal cars were put on between Boston and New York, and he was transferred to the New York and New Haven line.

Mr. Harper began his first run from Boston to New York in the midst of a stormy day, being appointed a through messenger, his duties being to take charge of the registered pouches and do a little sorting.

He resided in Brooklyn. He leaves Boston at 4 p.m. and reaches New York at 10 p.m. one day, and on the next he leaves New York at 4 p.m. and reaches Boston at 10 p.m.

To Pronounce His Name. William A. Jones, editor of the Syracuse Post, recently addressed a letter to M. Faure, president of France, asking how his name was pronounced in English, as thousands of Americans were desirous of the information. A reply in French was given, which was translated by the secretary of President Faure, containing the first authoritative pronunciation ever given to the United States.

The Post prints a fac-simile of the French letter, a translation of which is as follows:

"Presidence of the Republic—Paris, 19th of February, 1895.—Sir: In response to the desire you express in your letter of the 7th of this month, I have the honor to inform you that the exact pronunciation in English of the name of the president of the republic is as follows:

"Faure exactly like the word for.

"Accept, sir, the expression of my distinguished consideration."

Walking Gloves for Spring. From the Gentleman's Magazine.

English walking gloves for spring are of finely dressed dogskin or Swedish kid, to wear with promenade costumes. They are produced in most of the cloth shades for matching the suit. There are greens, goldens, tans, both light and dark, browns in various shades, and deep colors of reds, olives, mahogany, dark Vandyke reds, and yellows from orange to pale corn color. These fasten smoothly over the wrist by four buttons, and are made with plique stitched seams, and embroidered on the back with stitichings of black silk or that of a darker shade than the glove itself.

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